

WHERE IS YOUR CRUSADE, MR. EISENHOWER?

By FELIX WITTMER

MY DEAR PRESIDENT EISENHOWER: Before the Chicago Convention in 1952, in an open letter, I respectfully asked you if you really were at heart a Republican. Your adoption by many New Dealers had raised serious doubts about the matter. But, once you were the Republican nominee, there was nothing else for an anti-collectivist to do than to help defeat the avowedly socialistic candidate.

Now that the first Congressional session under your Administration is a matter of record, I am prompted to address another open letter to you. I might say that I speak for many citizens who are equally anxious about the trend of public affairs.

The people wanted a change, Mr. Eisenhower. And in your acceptance speech in Chicago you promised a "crusade" in its behalf. I was a bit skeptical about that promise of yours, sir; for, despite the title of your book (in the composition of which you had been careless enough to have enlisted the aid of one of our prominent apologists for Soviet Russia) you did not appear to be the crusading type. You seemed to be gay and friendly, eager to please as many people as possible.

I have kept quiet during this first Congressional session. You were reported to move slowly, and I know that we, the people, have no right to expect miracles. But now that the tallies are in, I must confess to the belief that my fears were justified. You have not given us the change. You have continued most of the New Deal policies under the Republican flag. You have made it clear even to the less informed that the old division between Republicans and Democrats has become meaningless.

THE ELECTIONS, I believe, made it clear that the people had not been sufficiently informed to figure out precisely what the desired change ought to be. In Missouri, the voters defeated a good Republican like James P. Kem, but elected you. In Montana, Zales Ecton, a staunch defender of Constitutional government, lost to the New Deal radical Mike Mansfield; but Montana elected you. And the voters of Washington State, who preferred United World Federalist Harry Jackson to loyal Republican Harry Cain, voted for you.

It is true that you appointed efficient businessmen to your Cabinet; but it is equally true that an efficient businessman is not necessarily aware of the creeping crypto-socialism

in our midst. It has become tragically apparent that you yourself, Mr. Eisenhower, have failed to see how the New Deal has blatantly flaunted our Constitution and by sleight-of-hand legislation has saddled this nation with socialism.

Some of the other men in whose judgment you placed your trust were New Dealers at heart. You were supposed to streamline Washington's bureaucracy. To whom did you entrust the job? To Arthur S. Flemming, a New Dealer's New Dealer; Nelson Rockefeller, the New Deal's boondoggle specialist for Latin America; and brother Milton.

You have never denied your faith in Dr. Milton Eisenhower's political wisdom; you have sought his advice; you are seeking it today. But it was at the request of the Soviet dupe Henry Agard Wallace that Milton Eisenhower, in 1938, was charged with coordinating the land use programs of the Department of Agriculture. In the early war years, Milton Eisenhower was an Associate Director of Elmer Davis' left-wing OWI.

Doesn't it make you suspicious at all, sir, that in 1945 the Production and Marketing Administration was set up on the special recommendation of brother Milton? This agency, which reshaped the New Deal Administration's program of agricultural control, was a socialistic apparatus. Clinton P. Anderson, champion of the Robin Hood ill-fare state, called Milton Eisenhower "the best equipped man in the country to carry out the policies I have in mind for the producers of food and the consumer".

Brother Milton has been a stalwart of Paul Hoffman's Committee for Economic Development, in which the internationalist-minded businessmen of the eastern seaboard hobnob with the foremost New Deal planners. He has been on the International Committee of the socialistic National Planning Association. He has been in the front ranks of those educators who are spreading the disintegrating ideas of UNESCO in our schools.

No wonder, then, that against the spirit of our Constitution, as specified in Article I, Section 8, you have raised national health, education and welfare to Cabinet status. No wonder that you actually wish to extend Social Security, which is socialistic, and a fraud, to another ten and a half million voters. No wonder that, to the dismay of those who know about the demoralizing effect of inflation, you wanted the legal limits of our national debt raised by fifteen billion dollars.

IF YOU TAKE THE TROUBLE to read the *Federalist*, sir, James Madison may convince you that the grant of power to tax and spend for the "common defence and general welfare" is limited to the specific actions enumerated in the very same sentence. Hamilton, in No. 83 of the *Federalist*, expressly stated that "this specification of particulars evidently excluded all pretension to a general legislative authority, because an affirmative grant of special powers would be absurd, as well as useless, if a general authority was intended".

Fate had played into the hands of President Roosevelt, the man who engineered the bloodless socialistic revolution from the top. Our Supreme Court was stuffed with a majority of socialist-minded lawyers who, unlike the late Chief Justice Hughes, seemed rather willing to "amend the Constitution by judicial decision".

Here, Mr. President, was your opportunity to express an opinion and give a sign of your "crusading spirit". Crusaders, however, do not always smile. They do not fear making enemies. They know that principles are not to be compromised. America's principles, which are to safeguard the rights of the individual, have been laid down in the Constitution. These principles do not recognize "social security" as a concern of our national administration.

Thus, there has not been any visible crusading on your part. We are continuing on the road of un-American paternalism, which dulls the wits of men and leads to flabbiness and chokes the will to enterprise. The offices in Washington are almost as numerous as in the New-Fair Deal days. At a few desks there are a few new faces; but the old faces have shown up at other desks. Have a look at the telephone directory, if you please. It is as bulky as ever.

Yes, it would have been welcomed by most of those who wanted a change if the personnel of our Federal Government had been cut in half. It would have been quite all right to close down hundreds of offices. Last month, I saw Government offices in Washington in which the calendar had not been turned for weeks. "Officials" ambled aimlessly about. The cafeterias, as in the New-Fair Deal days, were still favorite meeting places for the younger set. Typists were still reading whodunits.

These people were around in the days of Truman and Roosevelt. So was "Chip" Bohlen, the Yalta man whom you sent to Moscow, as our Ambassador. Harvard's Conant, whom you chose to dispatch to western Germany, had harbored the top Communist frontiers of our academic world on the Harvard campus, had let the Soviet agent Gerhart Eisler speak on that campus just before this fellow jumped bail to join the comrades in the trans-Curtain world, and had been generally sympathetic to the Communist-hatched Morgenthau Plan.

DID YOU FIND ANY enthusiastic response to your "crusade" when the truce of Panmunjom was announced? A beloved friend and true American, whose brother just returned from Korea (with a medal and a citation), wrote me on July 28, "Ted got home on the 18th. He says all the men over there think Rhee is right. . . . They feel Rhee was sold out."

That just about sums it up, Mr. President. Americans feel that those prisoners who followed our appeal to desert the Communists should have been freed long ago. Instead, they have been condemned to the ordeal of inspection by officials of five "neutral" nations. Isn't it somewhat farcical, sir, to regard the puppet governments of Poland and Czechoslovakia as "neutral"? And how neutral are the other three governments, all of which have recognized Communist China? Let us keep our fingers crossed. But we cannot help thinking of the hundreds of thousands of Russians who did not want to go back to the Soviet paradise when the last big war was over, and who were forcibly sent back to torture and certain death.

We felt after Stalin's death, when the Soviet empire seemed particularly shaky, there was a new opportunity to be firm. We might have insisted on speedy peace treaties for Germany and Austria, including free elections. But, we signed the truce of Panmunjom, and now the Communists can build their North Korean bases at their leisure.

And now we learn that there is a stampede of the "free world" businessmen to do trade with the implacable enemy, so as to bolster his and their own tottering socialistic economies. Even strategic materials that may some day be used against free men, are to be shipped behind the Iron Curtain. And you have stated that we shall continue to send military aid even to those of our demoralized "allies" who supply the Communists with war material. This military aid, mind you, is at the expense of the American taxpayer. His expense in blood is to follow. Maybe that is what powerful business interests, which are neither particular about Communism nor about our Constitution, have had in mind for more than a year, before the Chicago convention.

Do you suppose, sir, that we can buy up Marxian atheists, who hate every principle on which our civilization is built? Can you put any credence in the slippery statement of our Moscow-trained "ally" Joseph Broz Tito, who now claims that peace with Moscow is possible? Where is the vision of your vaunted crusade, Mr. Eisenhower? Against whom did you intend to crusade if not the Communists, the socialists, the one-worlders and assorted internationalists of the United Nations variety?

A great Senator ventured to say that we might have to "go it alone". It was the spirit of America's forefathers which spoke through him, the spirit of those who know that strong men must dare to depend upon themselves. If necessary, upon themselves alone.

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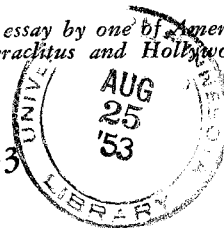
Wednesday, August 19, 1953

Washington, D. C.

Washington is on vacation. We offer, in place of our usual news section this essay by one of America's foremost literary critics. Next week, an essay by Morrie Ryskind, entitled "Herakitus and Hollywood".

THE LITERARY MARKET: 1952-53

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN



IN A SPEECH delivered last Spring to an assembly of newspaper editors, Dean Ackerman of the Columbia University School of Journalism bemoaned the state of mind of his students. They had been frightened into silence, he said, by the likes of Joe McCarthy. The Dean went on to deplore the evil effects of FBI questioning and loyalty investigations on the contemporary mind. He concluded that the day of "drastic independence" was over.

As a former teacher at the Columbia School of Journalism, I concur with Dean Ackerman's observation that the average American student has been sinking into negativism and passivity—the outward signs of a lack of "drastic independence"—in recent years. But Joe McCarthy has had nothing whatsoever to do with it. The phenomenon was observable in the middle nineteen-forties when Joe McCarthy was fighting in the Pacific and Young Bob La Follette was still the famous Senator from Wisconsin. And the reason for the phenomenon? As I analyzed it as a teacher at Dean Ackerman's school, the negativism and the passivity of the student was due to the growing flabbiness of New Deal literature. The student had been raised to think of liberalism as the creed of "Let Papa State Do It".

But this idea, which had required a "drastic independence" from its supporters in the days of Woodrow Wilson and Frank Cobb's *New York World* and Paul Anderson's Washington reporting, had, by the middle nineteen-forties, become part of the homogenized thinking of virtually all Americans. There was no longer a kick in it. The Columbia School of Journalism

students accepted it as fitting and proper, like brushing their teeth. And it inspired just about as much enthusiasm.

I tried my students out on "opposition" books—Nock's *Our Enemy the State*, Lippmann's *The Good Society*, Isabel Paterson's *The God of the Machine* and so on. But these books were outside the universal climate that was omnipresent and omni-oppressive in those days. The students were made vaguely uncomfortable by them. But that was all, save in a very few cases. What was most apparent from my experience with students in the 1941-45 period was that a revolution was over but no new awakening had yet begun. The waters of inquiry, of the drastically independent intellect, were running slack; students were accepting a dogma of Statism in the meek, unoriginal way that is the hallmark of all "second generation" thinking.

That the dogma is still accepted is quite apparent from the behavior of all our big "cultural media". The editors of the big eastern Sunday book sections act like the journalism students of the 1941-45 decade. They do not question the wisdom of a liberalism that rests on Papa State. Yet they are apathetic about their beliefs. If attacked by a John T. Flynn or an Irene Kuhn they react in a tired way. Instead of kicking Flynn in the teeth, as a true crusader for the Papa State philosophy would do, they give ground a little bit. But this is merely *pro forma*—it doesn't rest on any reasoned idea that Flynn might possibly have some damaging evidence to back up anti-Statist theory. Controversy merely succeeds in making our latter-day editors uncomfortable; they don't accept it joyously, as editors do in great ages of real conviction.

And, as is fitting in a tired epoch, the editors forget their gadflies as soon as possible and go on making their assignments in the same old routine way. Statist books continue to get the breaks of position, of publicity and of choice of reviewers. The New Deal notions persist out of inertia, laziness, sheer habit-response.

THE SCORCHED EARTH

IF YOU don't believe this, check off a year of the *New York Times* or the *New York Herald-Tribune* book sections against the literature of 1952-53. Actually, the past year has been a glorious one for the literature of libertarian, as opposed to "liberal" thought. The anti-Statists are making a comeback. Within a twelve to fifteen month span a literature has risen to challenge the backwash of the Rooseveltian decade.

There was, to begin with, Whittaker Chambers' *Witness*. After *Witness* there came a spate of important titles. Listing them without regard to chronology, there was Frank Chodorov's *One Is a Crowd*, Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind*, Ralph de Toledano's *Spies, Dupes and Diplomats*, Taylor Caldwell's *The Devil's Advocate*, the second and third volumes of Herbert Hoover's *Memoirs*, Father de Jaegher and Irene Kuhn's *The Enemy Within*, General Charles Willoughby's *Shanghai Conspiracy: the Sorge Spy Ring*, Garett Garrett's *The People's Pottage*, Peter Viereck's *Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals*, Richard L. Stokes' cullings of significant material from *Major Jordan's Diaries*, Louis Budenz's *The Cry is Peace*, John T. Flynn's *The Lattimore Story*, Sinclair Lewis' collected letters in the volume called *From Main Street to Stockholm*, the *Letters of Edna St. Vincent Millay* and General Bonner Fellers' *Wings for Peace*. This list is heterogeneous, and it ranges from fiction to military strategy in subject material. But the point is that it represents an attitude that is more or less consciously anti-State. A good anti-Statist editor would have utilized every title in the list as a springboard for an essay, as a means of coordinating disparate phenomena into a semblance of a movement. A good "objective" (because uncommitted) editor would have utilized every title as an opportunity for controversial display.

Some of the books listed in the foregoing paragraph got very decent treatment in the big cultural media.

But it was an isolated, uncomprehending treatment, quite divorced from any awareness that a new movement is very probably in the making. And, quite in the crazy pattern of recent history, the libertarian books that were most rigorous in their approach to central philosophical questions got the shortest shrift. Sinclair Lewis and Edna Millay, being instinctive as contrasted with intellectual libertarians, were dealt with rather handsomely by critics who weren't aware that any ideas were there. But Frank Chodorov, for example, was almost totally ignored, in spite of the fact that his thinking was, so to speak, out in the open where even the dumbest editor might have seen it if he had only looked.

To clinch the point, let me compare the reception of Chodorov's *One Is a Crowd* with that accorded Eric Goldman's *Rendezvous With Destiny: a History of American Reform*. This latter book is by a Princeton professor who is obviously a popular teacher. It is an exciting job, for Professor Goldman knows how to get at the essence of a man's life work in a few words, and he has an eye for the colorful political detail. But Professor Goldman is a quite indiscriminating Statist. *The Nation* and the *New Republic* of 1953 seem to him just as important as Woodrow Wilson's *The New Freedom*, say, or Herbert Croly's *The Promise of American Life*. In other words, with Professor Goldman it is as if the New Deal, with its legacy of monstrous debt, its record of State-sponsored enterprises that have paid off neither in terms of efficiency nor an expansion of well-being, had never happened. Professor Goldman treats a modern Freda Kirchwey or Michael Straight editorial as if it were a pronouncement to be equated with a 1912 speech by the elder La Follette or with a Charles Beard book on *The Economic Origins of the Constitution*. It is all a trifle absurd, especially when you consider that three decades of Statist history in Russia, Italy, Germany, Fabian Britain, Blumist France and Rooseveltian America have provided a case book against which the validity of a Kirchwey or Straight editorial can be checked.

If Professor Goldman could not see the absurd tendentiousness of his own final chapters, you would have thought the reviewers might have caught it. But no. Senator Harley M. Kilgore, the *New York Herald-Tribune's* strange choice of reviewer, praised *Rendezvous With Destiny*, as a book "which will prove of very great significance". Bruce Bliven pronounced

it a "fine job". Samuel Lubell, in the *Saturday Review*, called it "rich in new material for thinking through the questions liberals face today". Orville Prescott said the book should get the Pulitzer Prize.

Professor Goldman pretty much ignores the libertarian reaction to standardized "liberal" thought. The Lippmann of *A Preface to Politics* and *A Preface to Morals* is quoted extensively; the Lippmann of *The Good Society* is not quoted at all. And with Professor Goldman it is as if Albert Jay Nock and Frank Chodorov and the John T. Flynn of *As We Go Marching* had never put pen to paper.

An editor with a live awareness of intellectual currents would have at least "balanced" a conspicuous review of Goldman with a conspicuous review of Chodorov's *One Is a Crowd*. But no such balance was forthcoming; the Chodorov book was allowed to sink with scarcely a trace.

THE REAL ARSONISTS

THE CHARGE that McCarthy is "burning" or plowing under books comes with singular lack of grace from "liberals" who, whether from apathy, dimwittedness or ill-will, are not devoted to giving every idea its fighting chance in the marketplace of ideas. Moreover, the cry that McCarthy is murdering originality, as the "liberals" apply it to the current intellectual climate, makes no sense in terms of their own logic. For it is the "liberals" who have been complaining for some time now that the great days pre-date World War II.

Take Malcolm Cowley's recent *Harper's* article on modern fiction, "A Tidy Room in Bedlam", for example. Mr. Cowley is a leftist who is staunch about his views; he also has a distinguished style that never lacks for clarity. What he has complained about in *Harper's* for everybody to see is that the current crop of novelists is derivative, lacking in original ideas or revolutionary sentiments. The modern novelist, like as not, is apt to be a young instructor attached to the English faculty of some university. He has read his Joyce, his Proust, his Kafka, his Hemingway. He realized that "experimentation", after two generations of everything from stream-of-consciousness writing

and data to Hemingway athleticism, offers little to the newcomer. And so he writes novels that make use of older techniques, and that explore situations that have only a marginal interest to most human beings.

Mr. Cowley, making his apologies for his novelist friends, commends them for having taken charge of that "tidy room in bedlam". But then he goes on to say that they need a leader, a new Hemingway, to galvanize them to action and to bring out any latent greatness that is in them. Almost alone among "liberal" critics he does not say that Joe McCarthy has stunted their growth, for most of their apprenticeship as writers had been completed at a time when the name of Joe McCarthy suggested a rather famous baseball manager of the New York Yankees and the Boston Red Sox.

On Mr. Cowley's showing apathy, a lack of strong conviction and high courage and full-blooded values, has become the modern intellectual's badge of identification for reasons that are rather complex. But if Mr. Cowley is right to repudiate the simple-minded "Joe McCarthy done it" explanation for apathy, he is wrong about some other things. The truth is that there are exhilarating movements and great contemporary leadership to be seen in action, only Mr. Cowley's philosophy makes him incapable of seeing such phenomena.

I have already listed some of the important "libertarian" books of the past fifteen months. Most of them come under the heading of ideological works. But in Mr. Cowley's own field of imaginative literature there are leaders still at work. His own old-time favorite, Ernest Hemingway, recently produced what may well be the greatest work of the whole Hemingway canon in *The Old Man and the Sea*. If this story of courage in an "average" citizen does not speak volumes to the novelists of the "tidy room in bedlam", then no leader can reach them.

More recently we have had the spectacle of James Michener producing a novelette, *The Bridges at Toko-Ri*, that belongs on the shelf along side *The Old Man and the Sea*. The new Michener book, which demonstrates that the world is held together by the great hearts that take on voluntary burdens, is fully

as dramatic as anything that Rudyard Kipling did in the period of England's imperial might. But the novelists of the "tidy room in bedlam" will probably scoff at Michener as a "mere" Kipling.

What ails American literature, both imaginative and ideological, it not a lack of good writers, but a lack of good critics and good editors to discern them and to commend them on proper grounds. If New York City, for example, had one good Sunday newspaper, for example, the whole intellectual climate at the critical level would change overnight. Publishers who now lack the courage of their convictions would risk their money willingly on books stressing voluntarism and the libertarian view of man if they had any assurance that such books would be brought to the attention of book store proprietors and book buyers generally.

TOWARD A LITERARY RENAISSANCE

THE LACK of a healthy critical climate, one that would stand superior to the idiotic alarms about "McCarthyism" that the Communists have set in motion for "liberals" to parrot, can hardly keep a good man down. Thus Russell Kirk and Peter Viereck, working in defiance of critical fashions, have been quietly engaged for a long time with their studies in "conservative" thought. While other intellectuals have been worried about keeping their "liberal" franchise, Kirk has gone back to the tradition of Edmund Burke, who refused to be stampeded by the fashions of French Revolutionary times. And Viereck, "revisiting" the conservatism that wound up the Napoleonic wars, has had the audacity to claim that Metternich and Talleyrand and other architects of the Peace of 1815 were great men precisely because they avoided the mistakes of Versailles, Yalta and Potsdam.

However, the strain of moving "against the grain" — that is, against the weight of contemporary critical media — has had its deleterious effects on both Kirk and Viereck. Aware that universal condemnation awaits the libertarian who makes no gesture of propitiation to the current literary gods, Kirk and Viereck pause at moments to put in their stop-loss orders. Thus Kirk, after wiping up the ground with the Marxians, the neo-Marxians and the Keynesians, takes his crack at the American businessman. And Viereck,

after devoting some brilliant paragraphs of *Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals* to the "business baiters", turns right around on the next page to do his own business baiting. He also makes the conventional remarks about Taftism that were standard in all fashionable "liberal" Republican circles when the pre-convention campaign was on. These remarks are shown up for the hollow things they are now that Taft is dead and the "liberals" are trying to be nice about a man who was never the "troglodyte" of the pre-convention propaganda.

The effect of the stop-loss orders with which men like Kirk and Viereck interlard their books is to divert the attention of critics from the main theses.

Satisfied by the gestures of propitiation, the average *Times* or *Herald-Tribune* critic will praise a Viereck and a Kirk, not for their genuine demolition of "liberal" values, but merely because their books can be turned incidentally against "McCarthyism". By putting in their stop-loss orders Kirk and Viereck assure themselves of space in the *Times* and the *Herald-Tribune*, which means that book store proprietors will not practice birth-control on their books. But true battle is thus avoided, and the cultural confusion of the day remains more or less what it was.

There is money in America to finance a new order of critical media, but the "liberals" continue to frighten it away from doing the job it could do. What the contemporary libertarian movement needs is not new authors — as we have seen it already has an imposing list of writers who are worth their salt. But it does need the supporting media necessary to "make a market" for libertarian authors. It needs a good monthly magazine, a good political and cultural weekly, a couple of well-heeled publishing houses. But most of all it needs either a *Saturday Review of Literature* or a New York newspaper with a Sunday review supplement that can reach the bookstores of the hinterlands. Until this is available, libertarian authors will be forced to struggle along as best they may. They stand today where Statist liberals stood in 1920, before they had captured the *Herald-Tribune* and the *New York Times*. By purchase or infiltration the libertarian has his own big job to do. But since the libertarian does not make a good infiltrator, he had best count on raising the money for his own weekly literary review.

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